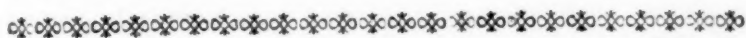


T H E

Court, City and Country Magazine,

For OCTOBER, 1764.



To the Author of the Court Magazine.

SIR,

As the Palace of Versailles is at present so much resorted to, you will oblige many of your readers with the following account, which was taken on the spot by an English Gentleman.

THE palace of Versailles stands upon an eminence in the middle of a valley, and is surrounded with hills. On the side towards Paris, there is a fine avenue of three walks, formed by rows of elms; the middle walk is sixty feet wide, and the side walks, thirty each.

Every room in this noble palace has a particular name, taken from the principal object painted on the ceiling. For instance, (*la sale d'abondance*) the salloon, or chamber of plenty, from Plenty and Liberality being painted on the ceiling. Here are several pictures, as the holy Virgin on a column of jasper, holding the infant Jesus in her arms, and surrounded below with several pilgrims, done by Poussin; the Virgin Mary and St. Joseph flying into Egypt, by Guido; the woman cured of a bloody-flux by our Saviour, done by Paul Veronese, &c. The salloon, of Venus has that goddess painted on the ceiling; she sits in a chariot drawn by doves, the gods and heroes, celebrated by the ancients adorn her triumphs. Here are pictures of Nebuchadnezzar, who orders the building of the gardens at Babylon, of Augustus, exhibiting a course of chariots in the circus, of Alexander marrying of Roxana, and of Cyrus, reviewing his army.

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The king's bed-chamber is most sumptuous; the carvings are all gilt on a white ground. The bed is placed in a kind of alcove, where are figures of the same represented sitting, and seemed to watch for the preservation of the king. This most magnificent bed stands between two pictures, the one of St. John, in the island of Patmos, the other of David, singing the praises of God. In this chamber are several other pictures, particularly one of Hagar, in the desert, with her son, and an angel, also another of Jesus Christ's marriage of St. Catherine of Sienna. The bed furniture is of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold.

The gardens are no less magnificent. In coming down from the terras you meet with two basons, where are several water-spouts, and in the middle of each is a collection of spouts in the form of a wheat-sheaf, which rises twenty-nine feet high. The bordures of these basons are adorned each with eight groupes of brazen figures, representing rivers, and nymphs, and four others of the same metal representing Cupid, little nymphs, and genii. In two angles of that parterre, are two other basons of marble, the water-spouts which issue from them, form two sheets of water exceedingly fine; and on the bordure of each of those basons, are two groupes of the figures of animals made also of brass. From this parterre, one sees, in a kind of half-moon which is below it, the bason of Latona, round which are represented in a groupe of three figures, Latona, Apollo, and Diana. The sculptor has hit on the moment in which Latona complains to Jupiter of the cruelty of the peasants of Lycia, who are here represented as metamorphosed into frogs, and throw a vast quantity of water upon the groupe.

At one end of the garden is a bason of an octogonal figure, and four hundred and twenty feet in diameter; four of its sides are circular, three in straight lines, and the other joins with the canal. In two of the angles of this bason, there are two sea-horses, each of which carries a triton on his back. The great canal is thirty-two fathoms broad, and eight hundred long, reckoning the basons at each end. In the middle it is crossed by another canal, about five hundred and twenty fathoms in length. At the other end of the large canal, there is also a bason, two hundred fathom long, and one hundred broad. Upon this canal, the court sometimes divert themselves in boats and galleys.

ya The orangery, or green house, is a most noble piece of architecture, and a master-piece in its kind. It has a southern exposure, and contains first a large gallery, which is the innermost

most, four hundred and eight feet long, and thirty-two broad, with twelve arched windows in the front. On each side are two others, each three hundred and sixty feet long. These galleries are adorned on the outside with fine rows of columns, the innermost gallery having eight double columns of the Tuscan order, and the two others four columns each, of four feet diameter.

The labyrinth, or maze, is a fine grove, the several walks of which are so interwoven with each other, that not to lose ones self in it is a difficult matter; yet this is not the work of nature only, but it is adorned with noble statues and fountains. At the very entrance you meet with two statues, the one of *Æsop*, and the other of *Cupid*, holding a clue of thread in his hand. At every turning of the alleys you meet with a beautiful fountain, adorned with a bason of fine shell work, where one of the *Æsop's* fables is very naturally represented, the subject of which is expressed in four lines, engraved in gold letters, on a thin brass-plate died black.

At one end of the garden is the place where they breed all the foreign beasts and birds, produced either in the East or West-Indies.

In the park stands another palace, called *Trianon*, situated at one end of the canal, which crosses the large one. This is both genteel and sumptuous; the architecture and ornaments are of an exquisite taste; the front is but about sixty-four fathoms broad. The court before it is adorned with a fine peristyle, supported by marble columns and pilasters. The two wings are terminated by two pavilions; and over the whole building there is a balustrade, adorned with statues, urns, &c. In the apartments are fine pictures, and the furniture is very sumptuous. The gardens are delightful and neat, being adorned with fine basons, cascades, and groupes of figures done by the best masters. In this little palace the late king *Lewis XIV.* used often to retire for coolness, and to refresh himself, after he had walked in the great garden of *Versailles*.

Whilst at this palace I saw the king and queen attended by a company of Swiss foot, armed with back, breast, and head-pieces, another company of Swiss with halberds, and a company of French foot, besides his guards in livery on horseback, armed with carabines. The king has also a guard of younger brothers (cadets) who serve him voluntarily, wear whitish coats, with silver lace, and carry musquets. Out of these the king often chuses his officers.

An EPITAPH, found in a Country Church-Yard.

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Beneath this stone lies Katharine Gray,
 Chang'd from a busy life to lifeless clay:
 By earth and clay she got her pelf,
 And now she's turn'd to earth herself.
 Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
 Abate your grief and dry your eyes,
 For what avails a flood of tears?
 Who knows, but, in a run of years,
 In some tall pitcher, or broad pan,
 She in her shop may be again.

Virtue and Knowledge the only Solace of Old Age.

SIR,

I HAVE just now left Sam. Tulip, a gentleman who in the last age made a considerable eclat in the gay world, and was distinguished for what is called a fine gentleman; he drank, he

he intrigu'd, had his amours; thought little; read less; never contemplated any thing higher than the penning a billet-doux, and never perused any thing of more consequence than a Play house-bill or a news-paper. This unhappy man is now attained to a miserable old age; he has outlived his companions, his fortune, and, I think I may add, himself: confined to his chamber, he drags on a tedious course of days, without any consolation from the reflection of the life that he has past over, or any endurement of the scene which he now acts. Solitude, which of all things he used to detest, is now his eternal curse; for from his diseases, and disappointments in not keeping up the same race of life he set out with, he is peevish, discontented and passionate with all about him; therefore is left to be more forlorn than otherwise he might. The only relief which can make solitude agreeable, (the love of learning and knowledge of literature) can give him no comfort; he was always unacquainted with books, and cannot now either be brought to endure them, or have an understanding of their efficacy: thus miserable to himself, pitied by his few friends, his life a burthen, his death a terror; forlorn, old, and ignorant, this gentleman is a terrible example that the latter days of those who study false pleasures instead of true knowledge, are infinitely worse than the first. Some observations on this gentleman's miserable estate, and a few reflections on the more happy finishing his course of life by the learned and virtuous man, might be an inducement to your more juvenile readers to be wise as well as merry in their youth, that they might be chearful in their old age, and happy in their death.

EUDOXUS.

How different is the character which Eudoxus has drawn of his decayed man of pleasure, to that which I shall subjoin of Aristus, who always was esteemed a man of virtue, honour and learning. Aristus, after having gone through a public and academical education, came up to study at the Temple: he had made a considerable progress in polite learning, and continued the pursuit of that, as well as the knowledge of the law; nor did he forget what it is every good man's business to contemplate on, the duties and nature of his religion. Chearful without debauchery, without foppery gay, he answered in the beginning of life, the character of a gentleman, and from the same principles he performed the functions of an affectionate husband, indulgent parent, kind master, and a good neighbour. He is now in his seventy-eighth year, with his memory sound, his complexion florid, his health lasting, and his good sense

sense and good nature improved: he often reads, often meditates, and often converses with company; with his books entertained, with himself easy, with all persons agreeable. His person puts me in mind, when I look on him, of the old man in Shakespear, who says of himself,

'Tho I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood:
Nor did I with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility:
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly.

In ſhort, his purſuit of knowledge and virtue in his youth, has made his old age agreeable to himſelf and others; ſo that neither thro' anguiſh he wiſhes for his laſt day, nor thro' deſpair fears it.

The ſtory of SOPHIA SPRIGHTLY.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

IN one of your magazines you will much oblige me by giving the following letter a place, and perhaps not me alone, but many who may be in the ſame circumſtances.

You muſt now, ſir, I am a young woman of ſome birth, have a conſiderable fortune, and a perſon which, if the young fellows are to be credited, is not wholly deſpicable.—Such however as I am, a man of profound erudition has lately thought it worth his while to court me for a wife; that is, to aſk me of my father, who, as my Strephon's eſtate is rather above my expectations, was immediately honoured with an implicit conſent.—Upon the preſumption of my father's favour, and upon the high opinion which he entertains of his own abilities, Mr. Dronely now viſits me every day as a perſon abſolutely certain of gaining his point, and thinks it unneceſſary to ſolicit my good opinion, or below the dignity of ſo learned a ſcholar to treat me with common civility.

Lord, ſir, there is no bearing one of theſe odious college frights, they are in general ſo extremely proud, and ſo extremely ignorant.—My amiable ſwain (ſwine I had almoſt ſaid upon my honour) is perhaps one of the moſt intolerable.—If he comes into a room where there happens to be any company, he makes a ſtiff ſupercilious inclination of the head, and ſtalks

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to his chair with a conscious superiority of countenance.—Here, madam, he sits in a state of contemptuous silence, and seldom or ever condescends to mingle with the conversation: if he does, 'tis in so haughty and overbearing a manner, that there is no possibility of putting up with his impertinence: yesterday, for instance, Captain Grovely dined at our house, and the company insensibly fell into a conversation upon the military heroes of the present period.—Mr. Dronely all the time turned up his nose with an air of ineffable contempt, and at last, upon being asked if the Marquis of Granby was not a most gallant commander, replied in a peevish and precipitate tone, “What is a million of such fellows compared to Julius Cæsar or Alexander the Great; they indeed were something like commanders, but as for the pigmies of the present generation, ha! ha! ha!” I wish his ha! ha! ha! had choaked him, sir, for his disrespectful opinion of our deserving officers.—am sure no era ever produced braver men, and though Charles Grovely has no higher command than a troop of horse, I am sure there never was a nobler young fellow in the universe—but that don't signify.

In the same manner, sir, wherever Mr. Dronely delivers his opinion, he either is utterly unacquainted with any thing at present passing in the world, or is sure of treating it with contempt.—Speak of Mr. Pope as an admirable writer, and he immediately runs away to Horace and Juvenal.—Talk of Sir John Barnard as the firmest patriot that ever graced this nation, and he sacrifices him at once to Brutus and Atticus.—Incapable of sharing in any of our amusements, he never fails to handle them with the greatest severity? If he is requested to join in a party at cards, he asks, “if we take him for an idiot?” If the assembly is proposed.—“Pshaw! that an entertainment for a man of speculation?”—The park then,—“ridiculous and vulgar!”—The play,—“What, to hear a composition of execrable English mangled by a set of ignorant performers?—Indeed if Terence was living to write a comedy, and an actor of equal abilities to Roscius was in being to undertake a principal character, he does not know but he might be tempted to sit half an hour once in a way, but now he would as soon take up his quarters in a hayloft with one of the stable boys.”—Nay, I come in for a share of his good-natured remarks; every syllable I utter is to undergo the ordeal of his criticism, and no later than last night he told me of a grammatical inaccuracy in public company.—When we are alone, his only method of addressing is to make me think myself a very despicable creature, and to look upon him as the unalterable standard of wisdom and perfection.—He

is greatly out in his politics however, for have him I will not, that's pos.—If I am obliged to get out of a garret window and carry a knapsack with Charles Grovely—so help me mercy I won't have him, and thus he may see by the above the steadfast resolution of

SOPHIA SRIGHTLY.

Never, says an Oriental writer, depend on the following things.

ON the shade of a passing cloud, which the wind drives along.

On the friendship of the ill-designing, which, like lightning, shines and destroys.

On the love of women, which goes out with the least gust of caprice.

On beauty, whose reign is but for a moment.

On false praise, because it is raised upon nothing.

On worldly wealth, which if it does not leave you, you must certainly leave.

Pernicious Consequences of Gaming; addressed to the admirers of that fatal Diversion.

IT is somewhere recorded, that Cöbilon, the Lacedæmonian, being sent to Corinth, with a commission to conclude a treaty of friendship and alliance, when he saw the captains and senators of that city playing at dice, returned home without doing any thing, saying, that he would not so much sully the glory of the Spartans, as that it should be said they had made a league with gamesters. Hence it should seem, this honest heathen took every man addicted to gaming for a fool or a knave, and therefore resolved to have no dealings with such, as neither character could be depended on.

The perniciousness of gaming was so well understood by the grand impostor, Mahomet, that he thought it necessary to prohibit it expressly in the alcoran, not as a thing in itself naturally evil, but only morally so, as it is a step to the greatest vices: for whilst we captivate ourselves to chance, we lose our authority over our passions, being excited to immoderate desire, excessive hope, joy and grief; we stand or fall at the uncertain cast of the dice, or the turning up of a card; we are slaves to the feeblest wishes, which, if they succeed not, we grow furious, profligate and impious; banishing all prudence, temperance and justice, we become impudent, and fit for the blackest crimes. Hence the cheats, the quarrels, the oaths and blasphemies

blasphemies among the men: and among the women, the neglect of household affairs, the unlimited freedoms, the indecent passion; and, lastly, the known inlet to all lewdness, when, after an ill run, the fair one must answer the defects of the purse; the rule on such occasions holding true in play, as it does in law, "*Quod non habet in crumena, luat in corpore.*"—If Christians have no humility enough to conform to the rule of life laid down in holy writ, let them at least have pride enough to be shamed out of this detestable vice, by the example of Pagans and Mahometans.

The Tragical History of Brutus and Lucretia.

A YOUNG gentleman, whom I shall call Brutus, was placed by his father at Oxford. Tho' he was naturally inclined to the amorous, yet, as he had never been guilty of any indiscretion that way, his father had great expectations of him, from that generous disposition he perceived in him. He had not however been more than two years at the university, before he was acquainted with the beautiful Lucretia, who was mistress of every valuable acquisition but that of fortune. Brutus soon became intimate with her: In short, he courted her with the earnestness of a sincere lover, but gave her good reasons why the completion of their happiness was better to be deferred, than immediately executed, as he knew his father would never give his consent to it. They nevertheless indulged themselves in all those little freedoms which the hopes of their being soon united to each other, seemed to justify; his time was always divided between her and his books, and neither ever engaged in any party of pleasure unless the other was one of it. In one of these parties he found himself too late to go home to his college, and therefore lay at Lucretia's, where in an unlucky hour he found the way to her bed, and with much intreaty plucked the virgin rose, that ne'er will blow again. It is in vain for me to attempt to express the bitter remorse he felt in his mind for having acted so indiscreetly, for having robbed a person of that which insures to the unhappy injured, with her loss of innocence, infamy and despair. He in vain for a long time attempted to satisfy her by offering to marry her: he told her, 'twas now become an act of justice that he owed her, and begged it as much for his own sake as hers. However, when time had a little abated her grief, she told him, she should desire no more of him than the execution of his promise, whenever she should think fit to

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claim it: some time after she told him, she thought it was necessary to defer it at present, to prevent any rupture with the old gentleman; and, on the condition of a servant being always in the room, his intimacy was continued until he was sent for to town to his father, who was dangerously ill. Upon this Brutus took his leave of her, renewing in the most solemn manner his promise of marrying her. In short, the old gentleman died, and left his son a good plum, who, as soon as he had settled his affairs, waited on his mistress, and was soon after married. Happy should I think it, if the story ended here. The day he was married he retired to his room (while dinner was preparing) to write a letter, as he told his wife, to a dear friend. As he staid longer than ordinary, she went with great gaiety up to him, but—he was dead—was found hanging on the closet door. Upon the table was his will, and a letter to his wife.—The poor woman was speechless; but one of the company took the liberty of opening the letter, which was as follows.

“ Lucretia,

“ The apprehension of my having exposed you, to the censures of a malicious world, ever since I robbed you of that which is the support of beauty, has filled my soul with inexpressible anguish, and determined me to make you some amends, by giving you my hand and fortune; forgive me, if I wrong you, dear Lucretia, in adding, that the cruel reflection that a favour granted to one may be obtained by another, preys too much on my soul to admit any prospect of happiness; 'tis too horrid, indeed, to live in doubts and suspicions, which innocence will not remove, nor reason silence—this has done it—adieu, Lucretia.”

The Folly and Impiety of Listening to such as pretend to foretel future Events.

THERE is in the present age a certain folly, into which a great many people give, out of mere complaisance: I mean listening to the foretellers of future events; a most detestable practice, contrary to the dictates of natural and revealed religion, and at the same time in the very teeth of the laws of the land! and yet people fancy it a point of good manners not to cross such as are superstitious in this way, but rather to bear with them, and to give into their foible: and hence it comes to pass, that persons of the most detestable characters

characters find admittance into the best families, and a creature is admitted to inspect Coffee-cups in the presence of a Duke, who ought to be beating hemp in Bridewell; his complaisance stamps folly in the bosoms of his children, and, forty to one, produces a robbery among his servants, if it be attended with no worse consequences.

Whoever consults one of these blind oracles, whether in jest or earnest, with a desire of knowing, or without, wilfully puts himself out of God's providence, and by this very act, becomes an outlaw with respect to his creator; the consequence of this is, that he is delivered over to his own invention, and suffered to be either deceived or amazed, by these dealers in superstition.

The Antients were terribly addicted to this folly, even some of the wisest and best of them; but yet there were men of solid understandings, who in all ages treated such proceedings with contempt; particularly Horace, who, in his short ode to his friend Leuconoe, exposes this ridiculous passion in the clearest terms. What effect his writings had on the minds of his contemporaries, we know not; but of this we are certain, that the noble works of his friend Virgil were quickly perverted into tools for the use of such as were desirous of outwitting providence, and getting a sight of those things which God has hidden from us.

When christianity began to be corrupted, the sacred gospels were prostituted to the same purpose, and a new mode of conjuring introduced, under the title of *Sortes Apostolorum*.—When the censures of the church had frightened men from these practices, they recurred again to the old method of making Virgil prophesy.

Dr. Welwood, in his memoirs, hath recorded a singular and melancholy story of king Charles I. He says that the king walking one day in the publick library at Oxford, with the lord Falkland, that lord prevailed upon his Majesty to make a trial of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, and on the king's opening the book, he cast his eyes on the following lines:

Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose,
Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd:
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace:
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain;

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And

And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
 On hard conditions may he buy his peace :
 Nor let him then enjoy supreme command, }
 But fall untimely by some hostile hand, }
 And lie unburied on the barren sand.

Lord Falkland seeing the king extremely concerned, took the book out of his hand, and opening it, thought to divert him, by falling on some unapplicable passages ; but his chance was yet worse than the king's, for he stumbled on the lamentation of Evander for his son Pallas ; which runs thus :

O ! Pallas, thou hast fail'd thy plighted word
 To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword.
 I warn'd thee, but in vain, for well I knew
 What perils youthful ardor would pursue ;
 That boiling blood would carry thee too far,
 Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war.
 O ! curs'd essay of arms, disaster'd doom !
 Prelude of bloody fields and fights to come !

With such an example before them, who will dare to affront God by wilfully or wantonly prying into the rolls of destiny ? who will think it a light or trivial thing, to hazard a life of apprehensions, to gratify a moment's curiosity ? or who will expose the honour or quiet of his family, by permitting them to attend a tirewoman's shuffling a pack of cards, or poking in the bottom of a coffee-cup ? the act for repealing the statute of king James I. for punishing witchcraft, inflicts very high pains on these impostors ; and very deservedly, since every attempt of this sort is an outrage on the laws of nature, and an infringement on the divine prerogative ; it is sowing the seeds of impiety and folly in weak minds, which have too often ripened into robberies and murders. As reasonable men therefore, we ought to drive away these vermin with contempt ; and as christians, we ought to look upon them with horror.

The Female Imposter.

A KING of Persia, who was in the sixty-third year of his age, grew so dotingly fond of one of his concubines, a fair Circassian named Roxana, that he obliged himself, by a solemn oath, never to refuse her any thing she should request of him. The lady made her advantage of this monarch's weakness, and every day, by some new and extravagant demand, took occasion to gratify her ambition, her avarice, or her revenge. During the career of her power, a certain European merchant, who had sold her some jewels, in order to ingage her interest at court, made her a present of a beautiful little dog, which had been taught to dance, and play a thousand antick tricks. In a short time, Roxana became as fond of her dog, as the king was of her; only she lamented, that the little creature was not endowed with speech, and could not therefore make a proper reply to those endearing expressions she used, as often as she caressed him. One of her eunuchs, then present, told her, she need not grieve on this account; for he knew a philosopher, named Hali, then living in the suburbs of Ispahan, who could teach her dog to speak the Persian language as articulately as he spoke it himself. Hali was immediately sent for, made acquainted with his business, and required to attend the next morning to give the dog his first lesson. It was in vain for the poor man to remonstrate against the possibility of such an undertaking. He was answered, it was the king's command, and must not be disputed: that if he performed it in thirty days, he should be amply rewarded: if he failed, he should lose his head.

Hali, we may imagine, considered the king's command as the artifice of his enemies, and as a trap layed for his life. He communicated his distress to his eldest son, a youth of nineteen, of a ready wit and excellent parts, a most ingaging manner of address, a great sweetness of temper, and a beautiful person. Mirza (for that was his name) burst into tears, when he heard the king's orders: but, immediately recovering himself, he told his father, he had thought of a certain method to divert the danger.

For this purpose, he desired Hali to present him the next morning to the chief eunuch, as his daughter, and as a person well instructed in her father's art, and who would ingage, at the hazard of her own life, as well as his, to execute the king's injunction. Hali looked upon his son with amazement, and persuading himself, that he spoke by the inspiration of the prophet,

prophet, he made no difficulty of complying with young Mirza's request.

Accordingly, next morning, Mirza, disguised in a virgin's habit, was conducted to the chief eunuch, and by him led into Roxana's apartment; where he performed his part so well, that, before the month expired, it was reported all over the seraglio, that the philosopher's daughter had taught the little dog not only to speak, but to speak like a wise man, and answer pertinently to every question. The king would needs be assured of the truth of this prodigy. He made a visit to his favourite. She confirmed the report; and the dog, being presented to him, was commanded to give a proof of his extraordinary talents, by answering respectfully whatever the king should be pleased to ask him.

The monarch seated himself on a sofa, and taking the dog in his arms gently stroked his head, and then he proposed this question; say, thou pretty animal, who am I? after a short silence, Roxana intreated the king to tell her, if he was not highly delighted with the answer which the little beast had made him? and whether he could ever have believed the thing, if he had not heard it? the king protested, he had not heard a word. At which Roxana seemed much concerned, and looking earnestly in the king's face, demanded again, if his majesty had not heard the dog answer him in the words following? you are the son of the sun, the lieutenant of the prophets, and the king of kings; you are dreaded by your enemies, adored by your subjects, and passionately beloved by my fair mistress.

The king of Persia rose up amazed and confounded: but still insisting, he did not hear the dog speak, Roxana lifted up her hands, and thus addressed herself to Mahomet, "Thou messenger of God, protect and defend the king. Increase his honour, lengthen his life, preserve his understanding, and open his ears? and, O never, never let him feel the infirmities of old age." Then, the dog being ordered to speak a little louder, she begged the king to make a second trial, which he did with great success. For he now declared, he heard the little creature distinctly utter every word, just as Roxana had before repeated.

This occasioned a universal joy in the Seraglio. Nothing was talked of for some days, but the speaking dog. His answer to the king was written in letters of gold, and preserved in the archives of the empire. The pretended daughter of Hali was dismissed with a noble reward: and her father was soon

soon afterwards promoted to one of the best governments in Persia.

The author of this tale concludes it with the following reflection. Old age very seldom proves a blessing to great men, especially to those who have any share in the government of the world. The Persian monarch, who ruled so many nations, and esteemed himself a favourite of heaven, and the first man in the universe, was not permitted the use of his eyes or ears. He was the dupe of his slave, and the jest of his whole court: but no one durst tell him so; and he died without knowing it.

Luxury in Eating condemn'd. A Persian Story.

SCHAH Abbas, at the beginning of his reign, was more luxurious than became so great a prince: one might have judged of the vastness of his empire by the variety of dishes at his table; some were sent him from the Tigris; some from the Euphrates; others from Oxus and the Caspian sea: one day when he gave a dinner to his nobles, Mahomet Ali, keeper of the three tombs, was placed next to the best dish of all the feast, out of respect for the sanctity of his office; but instead of falling to and eating heartily, as holy men are wont to do, he fetched a dismal groan and fell a weeping. Schah Abbas, surprized at his behaviour, desired him to explain it to the company; he would fain have been excused, but the Sophi ordered him on pain of displeasure to acquaint him with the cause of his disorder.

Know then, said he, O monarch of the earth, that when I saw thy table covered in this manner, it brought to my mind a dream, or rather a vision, which was sent me from the prophet whom I serve. On the seventh night of the moon Rhamazan, I was sleeping under the shade of the sacred tombs, when, methought, the holy ravens of the sanctuary bore me up on their wings into the air, and in a few moments conveyed me to the lowest heavens, where the messenger of God, on whom be peace, was sitting in his luminous tribunal, to receive petitions from the earth. Around him stood an infinite throng of animals, of every species and quality, which all joined in preferring a complaint against the Schah Abbas, for destroying them wantonly and tyrannically, beyond what any necessity could justify, or any natural appetite demand.

It was alledged by them, that ten or twelve of them were often murdered to compose one dish for the niceness of thy palate;

palate; some gave their tongues only, some their bowels, some their fat, and others their brains or blood. In short, they declared such constant waste was made of them, that unless a stop was put to it in time, they should perish entirely by gluttony. The prophet hearing this, bent his brows, and ordered six Vultures to fetch thee alive before him: They instantly brought thee to his tribunal, where he commanded thy stomach to be opened, to see whether it was bigger or more capacious than those of other men; when it was found to be just of the common size, he permitted all the animals to make reprizals on the body of their destroyer; but before one in ten thousand could get at thee, every particle of it was devoured; so ill proportioned was the offender to the offence.

This story made such an impression on the Sophi, that he would not suffer above one dish of meat to be brought to his table ever after.

Anecdote of Sir William Gooch, some time Governor of Virginia.

NOTHING is unworthy of publication which may convey a useful lesson to mankind. Sir William Gooch being in conversation with a gentleman in a street of the city of Williamsburgh, returned the salute of a negro, who was passing by about his master's business. Sir, said the gentleman, does your honour descend so far as to salute a slave? Why (replied the governor) yes; I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners.

Never was reprimand more delicate.

Memorandums, written by an excellent young Lady, lately deceased, who was brought up in a very different manner from the generality of her sex: they were communicated to a friend by her father, with tears in his eyes, and will stand as a lasting monument of so deserving a daughter's virtue and understanding.

Mem. **B**EING now eighteen years of age, and hastening to that period of life, in which I am to prove my gratitude to the best of parents, let me always make it a rule to prefer the gratification of their wishes to the enjoyment of my own.

Mem. A parent is entitled to the first place in every child's esteem, and she that can be deficient in a point of duty here, ought

ought justly to be suspected of infidelity in the discharge of every other.

Mem. By all means be strictly attentive in the worship of my Creator, as I can never expect a future blessing without shewing a becoming gratitude for a past.

Mem. Always to believe a man has the basest designs, who wants me to conceal his addressee from my father.

Mem. Never to hear the protestations of any man who has behaved dishonourably to another woman.

Mem. In all companies to treat those with the greatest share of deference, who are most unhappy in their persons or their circumstances.

Mem. Whoever calls me goddess, angel, or any other ridiculous appellation, though never so fashionable, — a fool.

Mem. Miss Polly Beaufort extremely uneasy at seeing Mr. Beverley speaking to me in the drawing-room last Sunday evening; — to avoid conversing with that gentleman as much as possible for the future.

Poor Mrs. Johnson, the shoemaker's widow, and three children, in the greatest distress. *Mem.* To allow them a guinea a week till a happy alteration in their circumstances, and to save this article out of unnecessary expences in house-keeping and cloathes.

Sir John Blandford, a man of much merit, who I fear has some sentiments in my favour, I must avoid with the nicest circumspection: for as I cannot return his esteem, it would be infamous to mislead him with chimerical notions; and inhuman to treat him with derision or disrespect.

Mem. To send the hackney coachman's wife as much as my papa got the fellow fined in, for behaving insolently last Tuesday, when we were suddenly caught in a shower, coming from the Park.

Wealth easier acquired than enjoyed.

An Eastern TALE.

AMONGST all the inhabitants of the great and populous city of Balfora, none surpassed the youthful Jaher in wealth and magnificence. His opulence he inherited from the prudent Abubekir his sire, and having never had the trouble of acquiring it, his only care was to devise expedients to avail himself thereof. All the pleasures that luxurious fancy could suggest he had recourse to, and his liberality

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knew no bounds. Each day his palace resounded with festivity, and the illuminations which dispelled the darkness of the night, sufficiently shewed that the reeling was protracted to a very late hour. Opposite to the house of the rich Jaher dwelt the poor, but industrious, Massaoud, who, by the labour of his hands maintained a wife and three children. His gains, however, were but small, as his sole occupation was to assist the gardener of a Jewish merchant, who lived in the neighbourhood. Jaher one evening perceiving Massaoud more penive than usual, inquired into the cause, and being told by the latter, that it was owing to the indigence of his family, immediately made him a present of a diamond ring, which the other received with the warmest expressions of gratitude, and prayed that the Holy Prophet might encrease his store, and shower constant blessings upon his head. The Holy Prophet, answered Jaher, has already blessed me to the height of my wishes; I have nothing now to pray for, but that he would vouchsafe to make his favours permanent. Massaoud immediately imparted his good fortune to the gardener, by whom he was employed, who told him that his master the Jew would soon put him into a way of disposing of his jewel to the best advantage. Massaoud having received from the Jew the full value of his diamond, and following his advice, bought with it several commodities, and embarked on board a vessel bound for Alexandria, in Egypt. Jaher still continued to live in his former splendour, and was caressed as much as ever by the inhabitants of Balsora; in process of time, however, his steward Dakianos advised him to look into the state of his finances. But Jaher, lulled to sleep by the Syren voices of the women of his seraglio, and plunged in unceasing ebriety, in the company of impious companions, who, like him, neglected the precepts of the Alcoran, deferred from day to day to follow his advice, till his whole substance was reduced to a single sequin. This unexpected turn of fortune constrained him to quit Balsora in disguise; and in that city he never afterwards made his appearance. Massaoud, who had greatly improved the small stock he had set out with, continued to traffic for a considerable time afterwards, and every year brought him in a new accession of opulence and credit. Jaher, after having wandered for several years, and made many vain attempts to repair the losses, which his imprudence had brought upon him, was at last reduced to low, as to travel in the habit of a Faquir, to Grand Cairo; he had not been long there, when he accidentally met Massaoud in the streets, who immediately recollected him, and having accosted

costed him with the most cordial friendship, conducted him to his own house, and after having treated him with the greatest hospitality imaginable, declared that he had made an ample fortune by commerce, and offered to assist him with a considerable sum, by means of which he might perhaps be enabled to acquire a fortune equal to that which he had lost. Jaher most thankfully accepted the offer, and settled at Grand Cairo, where, by constantly attending the advice of Massoud, he in a short time made a fortune, not much inferior to that which he had been possessed of at Baltora; and being thereby convinced, that it is easier to acquire wealth than to enjoy it, for the remainder of his life constantly regulated his conduct by the advice of Massoud, whom he knew to be his superior in wisdom.

To the A U T H O R.

Næ ego homo sum infelix.

SIR,

HAVING lately escaped, from the most imminent danger I ever was thoroughly sensible of; I beg leave, to communicate it to your readers, through the channel of your entertaining Magazine; by inserting the same you will oblige an admirer of your useful and interesting productions,

G. E. W.

SOON after my arrival at Paris, I happened to fall in love, and become enamoured of a young lady of quality, amiable, but giddy; witty, but capricious; engaging, but haughty and proud. Consider sir, to what a condition I soon should have been reduced, had I suffered myself to be the slave of this dangerous beauty. I am well assured, I could never have borne the coquetry of the French ladies. A man should have had his birth in France, to agree with the absurd and extraordinary manners and maxims of that country.

The Frenchmen in general, affect the passions much more than what they really feel; coquets intemperaments, and giddy in their natures; they dance, sing, whistle, and play the fool before their mistresses. If she turns a favourable ear to them, they presently leave her; if she is cruel, they console themselves with a couplet of a song against the fair in recompense for their trouble lost; and go and repeat their madrigals to the women best acquainted with the lady that

was so insensible of their merit. Nothing can fix their inconstancy, their love extinguishes by enjoyment, and is lost by rigour. I dare aver, that in Italy, Spain, Germany, and even in England, as well as France, they know not what true love is. The Nazareens too, think they love, when in reality they do not love at all. For this passion is only to be found in Asia; where it reigns with the greatest delicacy, and yet strictly conformable to reason.

The Italians, are very close in their projects, and as firm in their resolutions; they attack a heart, as the general of an army does a fortress: they dispose of their batteries, furnish themselves with all the help that art can afford them; endeavour to block up the house of the person they adore, and hinder the entry of any competitor; entertain secret correspondence in the place, and get the chambermaid, or some other domestic in their interest. If they succeed in their attack, they shut up their mistress for the rest of her life, and for the price of their love, take from her her liberty. If they are forced to raise the siege, they revenge themselves on their rivals, whom they endeavour to poison, and from the object of their love, she becomes that of their hatred; they always make sure to destroy her reputation, by the blackest calumnies they can possibly invent.

The haughty Spaniards, prove very turbulent lovers; they are ever in action, and torment themselves continually, sigh the day in churches, and the night under their mistress's window. During the Carnival, they play upon the guitar, and in Lent piously whip themselves. All serves to their amour. They interest the saints in their affairs, and cause orations to be sung to Saint Francis, and Saint Anthony, to engage them to render their mistresses flexible. If they find no succour from Heaven, they have recourse to Hell, and consult witches, forcerers and magicians. Love banishes all fear of the Inquisition. Are they happy? They forget the pain, the care, the fatigue, they have gone through, and what is more, their own tenderness. They frequently plunge a poignard in the breast of the person they adore; but vanity has a greater share in their crimes than jealousy.

The Germans phlegm is difficult to be removed. Their temperaments are slow, cold, circumspect and pensive. They hardly ever languish, unless when enlivened by Bacchus. Their passion rises with wine, and evaporates with its fumes. If at any time, in spite of their natural constitutions, they become enamoured; its not long before they return to their
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first phlegm. Love with the Germans, is petrifying like the ice of the north-sea.

The English are very bold adventurers, they think themselves too perfect, to imagine they are obliged to any woman that indicates an affection to their persons. If they are loved, they fancy they merit it; if otherwise, they comfort themselves with the hopes of easily finding women enough, who are not so insensible of their fine parts. They measure love by riches, and know the value of a woman's heart by the guineas in her purse.

It is asserted by a learned author, that the Nazareens cannot love women without guilt. They condemn the plurality of wives among the Turks, while they ruin themselves with common strumpets. The French especially maintain, that marriage and enjoyment are the grave of love, and this passion appears amiable to them but in proportion as it is criminal.

In Asia, love is a soft, sweet, lasting passion, never works up the heart to a fury, but moves it with an amiable trouble. They commit fewer follies for women than they do in France, but then they love them with more sincerity.

I tremble yet, sir, when I think of my danger. I actually felt in my heart those motions, of which the consequences are so fatal in this country. I was ready, in short, to hug my chain, when a little reflection recovered me. I resolved to see my enchantress no more, and absence has entirely brought me back to my reason. Not that I would make it my glory of being insensible. There are few persons extant, who have not one time or other, in their life, if they are arrived at years of maturity, felt the shafts of love; and if I must love, I would not have my passion to be my punishment, but serve for my happiness.

I laugh at those philosophers, who make a vain merit of being always insensible.—Tenderness for the fair sex, is the noblest present we receive from Heaven. 'Tis this delicacy of sentiments, which distinguishes us from the rest of the animals; 'tis to the ardour of pleasing, that the finest knowledge is owing. Sculpture and designing were invented by an ingenious lover. 'Tis also said, that love gave the first idea of writing. And if we examine the most considerable events we shall find it is from that they have their spring. For without love, every thing in nature would languish: which plainly shews, that it is the soul of the world, and the harmony of the universe. The Almighty, in creating man, gave him the inclination which drew him towards women; and the tenderness we feel for them is a present of the divinity.

nity. We ought not to blush at being sensible we follow natural impressions, which have nothing criminal in them, if we do not corrupt them by debauchery.

Anecdote of Doctor Barrow and the Duke of Buckingham.

DR. ISAAC BARROW was a most sublime genius, an accomplished divine, and a profound mathematician, the glory of Cambridge; but, withal one of the greatest slovens in nature; so careless of his dress and person, that his appearance was frequently disgusting. It happened, that, coming up to London from the university, he was appointed to preach before Charles the Second at Whitehall. Towards the close of his sermon, the duke of Buckingham came into chapel, and was a little shocked at the exterior of the parson, which promised nothing very excellent. In short, having no knowledge of him by sight, he took him for some low country clergyman; and was not a little offended at seeing him in that honourable station. The duke, it is well known, was the veriest wag of the court, and had a talent above all men for turning every thing into ridicule. He was now determined to exercise it on this miserable ecclesiastic, as he deemed him; and accordingly singling him out in the anti-chamber, whither the doctor was come after service, he abruptly accosted him with, I think, master, you preached before his majesty, to day. Barrow, who was as little acquainted with the duke, as the duke was with him, replied, yes, sir, I had that honour. Pray said the duke, are you a country clergyman, or are you beneficed in London? I am of Cambridge, sir, answered the doctor, and am come lately from thence hither. Oh! says the duke, from Cambridge; aye, that is a noble university; you have several considerable men there. Yes, sir, said the doctor, there are many very eminent. Well but, however, said the duke, I reckon, as is always the case in such places, you have some one or other that bears the bell, as we say, among you; that is, who outshines all the rest, in accomplishments, and accordingly is held in superior esteem, and has a visible precedency of character; pray, who is the person that holds this rank, in that illustrious body you belong to? the doctor answered, that was a point he could not pretend to determine. No! said the duke, that is surprizing; seeing you have one man in your learned community, of so conspicuous a figure, that it is almost impossible he should escape any one's observation. Pray, good sir, what think you of Dr. Isaac Barrow?

Barrow? I have heard of such a one, answered the doctor. This supposed slight upon his hero, put the duke out of all patience; and he let fly such a volley of ill language at the offender, as sufficiently testified his resentment. Why, you contemptible loggerhead, said he, dare you presume to say you are of Cambridge, and know so little, or speak so slightly, of the glory of it? you assume the ensigns of the priestly order, and are unacquainted with the brightest ornament of it! I took you for an ass, when first I saw you; and now I find by experience my judgment was not deceived. After these and some other like courtly expressions, the duke hastened from the amazed doctor to the king, whom he immediately accosted, with, pray, sir, who was it that preached before your majesty this morning? the king replied, you should ask my lord chamberlain. You know, it is whoever he appoints, and I never trouble myself about it. But pray what makes you inquire? why, said he, I never saw a parson look so like a fool in my life. I found him sauntering in the anti-chamber, as I came hither, and I have been roasting him most devilishly. How so? said the king. How so! said the duke, it was impossible to forbear, nay, had it not been in respect to his cl to, I believe I should have thrashed him. The idiot's whole mein was so unpolite, that I was sure he had never before breathed the air of a court; I asked him therefore whence he came? he said, from Cambridge; the very name of Alma Mater inspired me with some regard for him, and I began to converse with him as a reasonable creature; I took it for granted he could not be a stranger to the state of the place, and knew who were of greatest note in it; but I found the wall of his college was not more ignorant. When I asked him, who were the most admired and applauded of the society? it was a matter, forsooth, he could not pretend to judge of; and when I tried him farther, by naming to him the honour of our age, as well as of the university, Dr. Barrow, what do you think the wretch muttered? why, truly, that he had heard of such a one. I could no longer bear his stupidity; and I have given him such a lecture, as will not easily slip his memory. The king could hardly refrain from laughing, at this recital; he saw the scrape the duke had brought himself into; and now very gravely asked him, if he had heard any of the sermon, the preacher of which he had been so liberally abusing? no, said the duke I just popped my head into the chapel, and saw the boor in the rostrum, which was a sufficient antidote to any farther curiosity. You were very unfortunate, said the king; if you had given a little attention,
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you would have been charmed with the discourse as I was; and it would have prevented an adventure, which will cause a good deal of merriment, but at your cost, I assure you; for that insignificant animal, as you reputed him, whom you have been mawling so unmercifully, is no other, I protest to you, than the identical Dr. Isaac Barrow. The duke was thunder-struck; he asked the king, was he in earnest? his majesty swore it to him. Away his grace ran, and happily found the doctor where he had left him. He made a very low bow, seized his hand, and told him, he was a penitent come to implore his forgiveness of a fault, that would be unpardonable, were it not a sin of ignorance, and, strangely, owing to the criminal's profound veneration of the offended. Dr. Barrow was too sensible of the extraordinary compliment which the duke had inadvertently paid him, tho' delivered in the garb of an insult, not to say an outrage; but which was plainly the effect of his grace's high estimation of his merit, and impetuous concern for the dignity of his character; and therefore thought himself not only bound to grant the duke immediately a plenary pardon, but to profess a most grateful sense of the honour (instead of an affront) which his grace had conferred upon him; while the duke, on the other hand, vowed an attachment to the doctor's interest, that nothing but the too early death of that consummate genius afterwards dissolved.

The unfortunate Mayor of Oxford's adventure with Charles the Second.

IT being made known at Oxford that the king would shortly visit that city, the mayor, who happened that year to be a butcher, and not very elegant in his form, nor versed in ceremony, was under a sad concern, about the part he would be obliged to act on that singular occasion; which was that of receiving and complimenting his majesty, at the bounds of his jurisdiction. He had some knowledge of the duke of Buckingham; so up he rode to London, to try if he could make a friend of that nobleman, and, by his means, be excused from having any thing to do in this business, for which he knew himself to be utterly unqualified. Being introduced to his grace, he laid before him, in the best language he could, his pitiful case; and begged of him for god's sake, if it was in his power, to relieve him: I am, may,
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it please you my lord, said he, a poor ignorant man, and not used to have any thing to do with such mighty folks; and to be sure his most noble majesty can be let into our town very well without me; let me beseech your honour, therefore, to speak to my Liege, that somebody else may be put in my place; for they say I must make a fine orason, to welcome his grace, and I can no more do such a thing than one of my bullocks: so, pray my good lord, let me beseech your nobility to get me disenabled; for, really, till I am, I can't so much as sleep a wink about it. The duke, who could hardly keep his countenance, during this wise and elegant harangue, answered, "As for putting another in your room, Mr. Mayor, it cannot well be done; nor would the king cast such an affront on so worthy a magistrate; no one is fitter to perform the office than yourself, which will be an honour to you while you live, and to your posterity after you; and as for your making a speech, which is the only thing about which I find you are so uneasy, you need not give yourself the least trouble; for I shall be in the coach with the king, and, when he stops, you have only to look him in the face, then make a low bow, and, rising up again, say, with a stately air, may it please your majesty, I am not ignorant. As soon as you have uttered these words, I'll order the guards to ride on, and there will be an end of the story." The mayor, being vastly pleased with this assurance, returned with a light heart to Oxford, without mentioning a syllable of his errand to London, or begrudging the expence of it, seeing he had reaped thereby, as he thought, so much satisfaction and tranquillity. Nay, he even longed for the happy day, when he was so easily, at the rate only of a bow, and three or four words, to aggrandise himself and his family. It came; when he, arrayed in all the frippery of his office, accompanied by his aldermen, and other myrmidons, made a pompous procession to the boundary of his jurisdiction. Here he awaited the important minute, when a mighty monarch, as he fancied, was to stop at his feet, and not depart, till, by a few syllables from his lips, he had given him a sort of licence. Buckingham had apprised the king of the jest, and all the court was prepared to enjoy an ill-natured triumph in the poor mayor's mortification. No sooner were they come to the place of his worship's station, but he approached the royal presence with an awkward solemnity; and, as the duke had tutored him, after a very low congee, told his majesty, he was not ignorant. He now imagined all was over, that the equipage would go forward, and that the affair was happily terminated. But he was sadly

mistaken, the horses did not budge, and the king looked his worship full in the face, as expecting a continuation of his oration; but, as he had learned no more of his noble preceptor, he was unable to advance a word farther; so, bowing again, he repeated his first asseveration, that he was not ignorant. The king thought it was now time to quit so ignoble a pastime; and, having the game in his hands, one way or another, was resolved to dispatch it. What he intended was to brow-beat the mayor (already half-dead with vexation) into an absolute silence; in order to which he assumed a stern aspect, and looked at him more stedfastly than ever, as if impatient for his proceeding, and highly displeased at his delay. But this roused his worship, and produced a third obisance, with another, may it please your majesty I am not ignorant. To which his majesty, who had quite enough, answered, in a very angry tone, poh, you blockhead, that is only your own opinion: on which the duke, as had been concerted between him and the merry monarch, gave the signal for going on. This furnished them with a matter of laugh or till they got into the city, when their attention was engaged by the acclamations of the scholars and inhabitants; but the mayor entered it with a very different temper, loaden with ignominy, and in the bitterest affliction. It might be intended by the managers as a farce, but it had a cruel catastrophe; the unfortunate mayor sunk under the weight of ridicule which was cast on him from every quarter, and broke his heart, 'ere his two murderers, for such I may call them, had well left the university.

In Praise of Frugality.

IT is reported of Plato, that seeing once a young spendthrift eating bread and water at the door of an inn where he had squandered his estate, the philosopher could not help saying, young man, if you had dined moderately, you need not have supped so poorly.

There have been some idle enough to insinuate, that frugality is too low and narrow a quality to deserve the attention of great minds. But reason evinces, and experience assures us, that the greatest men in all ages have been frugal; and indeed if there were nothing else to encourage the practice of this virtue, we might well recommend it from hence, that the habit thereof renders men just.

A spirit

A spirit of frugality is the strongest and most efficacious remedy against corruption; a man who knows how to manage his fortune prudently, will be independent, tho' that fortune be but small; for having once acquired the art of governing himself and his affairs, there will be no temptation strong enough to induce him to give up that liberty, which he thereby possesses. Andrew Marvel, one of the most disinterested patriots in the reign of Charles II. by managing a very narrow patrimony, kept himself above corruption: and there is a story of him, which, tho' it may seem to be but ordinary, deserves to be everlastingly remembered: he dined usually at a great ordinary in the Strand, where having eat heartily of boiled beef, and some roast pigeons and asparagus, he drank his pint of port; and on the coming in of the reckoning, taking a piece out of his pocket, and holding it between his thumb and finger, gentlemen, said he, who would let himself out for hire, while he can have such a dinner for half a crown?

Frugality is the best engineer for throwing up those works which are intended to keep off misfortune. A small reserve is the best medicine in the world on the falling of unforeseen calamity: besides, the practice of this virtue enables a man to live upon a little, if in spite of all honest precautions, he should, thro' the strokes of fortune, have but little left.

He who by his prudent management has acquired a small bank, has it in his power to serve his friends, and to do great kindnesses to others with no inconvenience to himself, which is one of the highest and most rational pleasures a man can enjoy.

A frugal man hath at all times his faculties clear, and knows when and how to take opportunity by the foretop. It is no shame to raise a great fortune from a small one, provided it be done honestly; and that this may be done, if we consider how soon a large fortune may be reduced to nothing, will appear feasible; for if folly, extravagance, and carelessness induce this, why should not wisdom, frugality, and attention effect that.

I will conclude with a very true story, of Cosmo de Medicis, grand duke of Tuscany, concerning whom, on account of his prodigious wealth, 'twas rumoured, that he had the art of transmutation. A noble Venetian, who, tho' he had but a small fortune, was extremely well recommended to his highness, (and, by his polite behaviour, added daily to his credit in that court) one day fairly put the question, and asked the

duke if he had the philosopher's stone or not? my friend, said the duke, I have; and because I have a great regard for you, I will give you the receipt in few words. I never bid another do that which I can do myself; I never put off till to-morrow what may be done to-day; nor do I ever think any matter so trivial as not to deserve notice. The Venetian thanked his serene highness for his secret; and, by observing his rules, acquired a great estate. How well should I be pleased, if not a few of my readers should do the like by observing mine.

R. FREEMAN.

A Letter from a Quaker to a Pawnbroker for his Watch.

Mr. Eighty per Cent.

THE thing which I left with thee, as an hostage, I do hereby claim by sending unto thee of the gross mammon of unrighteousness to the sum of forty shillings: I do not like the person whose tuition he is under, thou dost not instruct nor wind him up to observe time: yea! thou imbibest in him the filthy sin of idleness, not from any value thou bearest to him, but for to indulge thine own slothfulness: for want of exercise, I am afraid he will be eaten up of the scurvy; I want him under mine own direction, so that I may make him watch night and day, and so order him as to bring his pulse to a regular beating, by which means his body may be kept clean, and his bowels perform their natural functions. I am, as the Godly should be with sinners, stranger to thee and all thy fraternity.

AMINADAB NEEDY.

Moll Hatchet-street, the Fourth day of the Second Month.

An Eastern Tale.

ZULIMA, the daughter of Abukazan, was formed for pleasure, and finished for delight. She was tall as the towering palm, and straight as the lofty pine. Her countenance was animated with the glow of health, and her smile was as the dawn of the vernal day. Symmetry was discernible in every limb, in every gesture grace. The hearts of the young men bounded with joy at her approach. They declared she was fairer than a Houri; and even the daughters of the land confessed she was beautiful.

Yet

Yet with all her personal advantages, Zulima, tho' she excited admiration, could not attract esteem. She was thoughtless and volatile, fantastic and capricious, and so giddy with the intoxicating fumes of adulation, that she spent the greatest part of her time in changing the position of her vestments, and altering the arrangement of her jewels. Sometimes she braided her jetty tresses, which were black as the feathers of a raven, and turned them up under a muslin bordered with silver and gold; sometimes she suffered them to flow carelessly on her shoulders, over an azure robe, and placed new-blown roses on her forehead, which was as spacious as a full-moon. Sometimes she threw a transparent veil over her, but practised a thousand arts to make it rise and fall, and discover to the enamoured gazer, teeth white as the tusks of the elephant, lips red as the ruby of ava, cheeks tinged with the blushes of the morning, and eyes piercing as those of the eagle.

While she was reclined on a sofa, one evening after a sultry day, under a pavilion in the garden of her father Abukazan, and lay ruminating on methods to increase her charms, and extend her conquests, she saw a thick smoke rise out of the ground. It curled like a vine, and ascended like a column. While she was earnestly watching its progress, a little old man, with a beard whiter than snow, which reached to his feet, appeared before her. "Zulima, said he, listen to the voice of instruction, and let not the accents of reproof be disregarded. I am the genius Abdaric. I behold thy beauties with delight. Be not therefore vain, for know I behold them with concern. I am come from the bottom of the earth to teach thee wisdom, and to snatch thee from destruction. Follow my advice and be happy. Thou vainly fanciest, unthinking Zulima, that the fame of thy beauty will be wasted to the pinnacles of Agra by the sighs of thy adorers, and that their applauses will be heard from the cliffs of Taurus to the Indian ocean. Thou dost not consider, frail child of the dust, that thou art subject to the most loathsome distempers. Thou dost not consider, that a leprosy may render thee an object of detestation, and that the springs of life may be poisoned by maladies innumerable. If the angel of benevolence should intercede for thee at the throne of the great Alla; if the governor of the universe should command the clouds of sickness never to burst upon thy head, yet no interceding angel can rescue thee from the gripe of age, and disengage thee from the talons of decrepitude. Thy love darting eyes must lose their lustre, and grow dim with years: thy blooming cheeks must be shriveled like autumnal leaves; and thy graceful body must be bent

bent like the bow of the hunter. Thy admirers will then shun thee with as much caution as they would the mouth of a famished tyger, or the jaws of an hungry crocodile; and start from thee affrighted as if they had felt the sting of a scorpion, or the puncture of an asp. Then wilt thou be the unhappiest of women. Thou adornest with too much solicitude thy outward form, which will perish like a garment devoured by the moth, and which will be smote by the arrows of death, as grass is levelled by the scythe of the mower, whilst thy mind, which will endure for ever, resembles the barren mountain, or the uncultivated desert.—Think therefore, O daughter of pleasure, ere it is too late. Reflect, whilst thou art capable of reflection. I am come from the bottom of the earth to make thee wiser, better, and even more lovely.—Watch thy behaviour with the strictest vigilance, and let not the slightest signs of pride, levity, or self-admiration, be perceptible in thy looks, thy actions, or thy words. Seem not to be conscious of thy charms, and they will beam forth with redoubled splendor: forget that thou art fairer than other women, and thou wilt be the fairest among them. Be not over studious to make thy neck shine with the glossy pearls of Manar, and thy hair glitter with the diamonds of Golconda. Be neat in thy person, be plain in thy apparel. Simplicity is beyond magnificence. Loveliness wants not the aid of ornament, but is, when unadorned, adorned the most. Do not hang over fountains for the pleasure of seeing thy image reflected in them.—Such a desire can only be prompted by vanity, and ought therefore to be suppressed. Censure not thy virgin companions, because they have not the same external attractions thou art favoured with, for they may be possessed of accomplishments superior to thine, though they are not so conspicuous. Behold this talisman; view it with attention: it is the talisman of truth, made with the finest crystal, and so wonderfully constructed, that it will not only shew thee what thou art, but what thou shouldest be. When thou resemblest in every respect the character I have drawn for thee, thou wilt appear in the most amiable light: but when any irregular passion, or any vicious inclination takes possession of thy heart, and stimulates thee to commit an unbecoming, or an immoral action, thou wilt see thyself in the most odious colours.—Thou wilt be changed into a monster of ugliness. In such circumstances think on me. Repent, reform, and thou wilt be restored to thy pristine beauty.”—When the genius had uttered the last word, he put the talisman into her hand, and instantly disappeared, with the pillar of smoke, but left a scent behind him grateful as the evening

ing breeze which plays among the Sabæan spices, or the fragrant gale which flutters upon the gum-distilling trees of Arabia.

Zulima's astonishment at the sudden appearance of the genius, deprived her of the powers of speech, but the various emotions which she felt during his address to her, were characterized in her countenance. When he told her that he was delighted with her person, she threw off her veil with exultation: her eyes sparkled with joy, her bosom panted with satisfaction. But when he informed her that she was subject to the most loathsome distempers, she trembled, and grew pale. She was chilled with horror when he talked of the gripe of age, and shuddered at the mention of the talons of decrepitude. When he told her she would be deserted by her admirers, as soon as she had no charms to allure them, she was torpid with amazement; but when he afterwards assured her she would become more beautiful by regarding his admonitions, her heart danced with rapture, and her lips quivered with extacy. She was somewhat discontented to hear him prefer plainness, neatness, and simplicity, to pomp, grandeur, and magnificence: and to hear self-admiration and censoriousness condemned by him with severity. She was convinced however, soon after his departure, that it was necessary to follow the rules he had prescribed; for on surveying herself in the talisman, she discovered such an alteration in her person, that she was struck with fear, and let it fall to the ground; but when she carefully took it up, with a wish that it might not be broken, she looked, on a second view, as engaging as ever. From that moment she determined to obey her monitor with punctuality; and after having prostrated herself to implore the assistance of him who dwelleth in the third heaven, she returned to the house of her father.

The Language of Beasts.

MANY naturalists are of opinion, that the animals which we commonly consider as mute, have the power of imparting their thoughts to one another. That they can express general sensations is very certain; every being that can utter sounds, has a different voice for pleasure and for pain. The hound informs his fellows when he scents his game; the hen calls her chickens to their food by her cluck, and drives them from danger by her scream.

Birds

Birds have the greatest variety of notes; they have indeed a variety which seems almost sufficient to make a speech adequate to the purposes of a life which is regulated by instinct, and can admit little change or improvement. To the cries of birds, curiosity or superstition has been always attentive: many have studied the language of the feathered tribes, and some have boasted that they understood it.

The most skilful or most confident interpreters of the sylvan dialogues have been commonly found among the philosophers of the east, in a country where the calmness of the air, and the mildness of the seasons, allow the student to pass a great part of the year in groves and bowers. But what may be done in one place by peculiar opportunities, may be performed in another by peculiar diligence. A shepherd of Bohemia has by long abode in the forests, enabled himself to understand the voice of birds, at least he relates with great confidence a story of which the credibility may be considered by the learned.

‘As I was sitting, (said he) within a hollow rock, and watching my sheep that fed in the valley, I heard two vultures interchangeably cry on the summit of the cliff. Both voices were earnest and deliberate. My curiosity prevailed over my care of the flock; I climbed slowly and silently from crag to crag, concealed among the shrubs, till I found a cavity where I might sit and listen without suffering, or giving any disturbance.

‘I soon perceived, that my labour would be well repaid; for an old vulture was sitting on a naked prominence, with her young about her, whom she was instructing in the arts of a vulture’s life, and preparing, by the last lecture, for their final dismissal to the mountains and the skies.

My children, said the old vulture, you will the less want my instructions because you have had my practice before your eyes; you have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl, you have seen me seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasture; you know how to fix your talons, and how to balance your flight when you are laden with your prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food; I have often regaled you with the flesh of man. Tell us, said the young vultures, where man may be found, and how he may be known; his flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture. Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest? he is too bulky, said the mother; when we find a man, we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his bones upon the ground. Since man is so big, said the young ones, how do you kill him?

him? you are afraid of the wolf and of the bear, by what power are vultures superior to man; is man more defenceless than a sheep? we have not the strength of man, returned the mother, and I am sometimes in doubt whether we have the subtilty, and the vultures would seldom feast upon his flesh, had not nature, that devoted him to our uses, infused into him a strange ferocity, which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth. Two herds of men will often meet and shake the earth with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise, and see fire which flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another; you will then find the ground smoaking with blood, and covered with carcasses, of which many are dismembered, and mangled for the convenience of the vulture. But when men have killed their prey, said the pupil, why do they not eat it? when the wolf has killed a sheep he suffers not the vulture to touch it till he has satisfied himself. Is not man another kind of wolf? man, said the mother, is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species. If men kill our prey and lay it in our way, said the young one, what need shall we have of labouring for ourselves. Because man will, sometimes, replied the mother, remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers moving close together, like a flight of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel in human blood. But still, said the young one, I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter. I could never kill what I could not eat. My child, said the mother, this is a question which I cannot answer, tho' I am reckoned the most subtile bird of the mountain. When I was young I used frequently to visit the airy of an old vulture who dwelt upon the Carpathian rocks; he had made many observations; he knew the places that afforded prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strongest wing can fly between the rising and setting of the summer sun; he had fed year after year on the entrails of men. His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables with a power of motion; and that as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm, that swine may fatten upon the falling acorns, so men are by some unaccountable power driven one against another, till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed. Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy among these mischievous

G g

beings,

beings, and those that hover more closely round them, pretend, that there is in every herd, one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with a wide carnage. What it is that intitles him to such pre-eminence we know not; he is seldom the biggest or the swiftest, but he shews by his eagerness and diligence that he is, more than any of the others, a friend to vultures.

A Letter from an unfortunate Lady.

SIR,

I HAVE been married some years. My father having left me a considerable fortune, in my own power, I bestowed it on a young gentleman, whom, of all others, I thought the most deserving of it. Before I married, I had run through all the gay scenes where I imagined real happiness was to be found; but being in a short time tired of noise and public entertainments, I thought retirement, with my husband, into the country, amidst the serenity of woods, groves, and purling streams, would be the most effectual method of indulging our mutual fondness; which I flattered myself, would last for ever, as it was founded in good sense on both sides, and a mutual passion for each other. We passed the first twelve months very agreeably together, and we had so sincere a respect and regard for every thing each of us either said or proposed, that we fancied ourselves the happiest pair that ever existed, since the expulsion of our first parents out of Eden. But whether this very state of pleasing tranquillity is, from the nature of things, impossible to continue long among mortals, or whether the same enjoyments never fail to pall and grow insipid upon repetition, I know not; yet certain it is, that we have long since become, in a manner, very indifferent to each other. Our first coolness began a considerable time ago, on my observing, that he had not all the complaisance on his side that I could wish for, or had reason to expect, from the manner of his first behaviour to me. We have frequently endeavoured to regulate our differences by the rule of reason; but it generally happens, whether from our having imbibed different notions of the same thing by education, or whether no two persons were ever born to act and think alike, we often differ in our opinions of what is reasonable, and what is the reverse. We both flattered ourselves that children would help to consolidate our affections, as we might hope, that we should

should both agree in our mutual love, care, and tenderness of our offspring, but in this too we have also been disappointed, each of us having our favourite child, by which means, rather a greater disunion than before has existed between us. The girl, who is her father's favourite, is almost grown a woman, and is making quick advances into life, before I her mother, can absolutely think of parting with its enjoyments; for I find I must have recourse to them once more, to render life less irksome than I find it to be among domestic cares. I should be glad, sir, to have your opinion, what kind of marriages you think the most happy, or whether any kind be really so? I begin to imagine that it is impossible for two persons to meet together, who think alike upon every thing. Very young people hardly ever think at all before marriage, and those in a more advanced life generally go together, when their manner of thinking is fixed, and their habits are become so deeply rooted, that it is next to an impossibility to remove them, and as they have taken them up generally by chance, they must differ from each other almost in every respect.

A paper, on the subject of matrimony, when placed in a new light, may have its use, and tho' I fear it will come too late, for any real advantage I can make of it, yet those who are not entered into that order may possibly find their account in perusing it. I am, sir, your constant reader, and most humble servant,

DOROTHY CRABB.

To the A U T H O R.

SIR,

THE great liberties that have of late been taken with the characters of some ladies, whose birth and station ought to screen them from all unseemly reflections, induces me to send you the following copy of an order, in favour of the lady Lucy, who seems to have been one of the maids of honour, or of the ladies of the bed-chamber, belonging to the court of Henry the Eighth. The original of it, signed by that king's own hand, and directed to the officers of his household, is preserved amongst the records in Westminster; and I think that the publication of this literal transcript, will not be unacceptable or unentertaining to your female readers in particular, as it will serve to shew, how much the fair sex of the present age is reformed—at least in intemperance of diet; unless we suppose, that the morning beef and ale was intended, not for lady Lucy herself, but for her domestics.

HENRY

HENRY the Eighth, &c.

WE wol and commaunde you, to allow daily from hensforth, unto our right dere and wellbilouede the lady Lucye, into her chambre, the dyat and fare hereafter ensuyng. First every mornynge at breakfast oon chyne of beys, at our kechyn, oon chete loff and oon maunchet at our panatrye barr, and a galone of ale at our buttrye barr. Item, at dyner, a pese of beys, a stroke of roste and a reward at our said kechyn, a cast of chete bread at our panytrye barr, and a galone of ale at our buttrye barr. Item, at after noon, a maunchet at our panatrye barr, and half a galone of ale at our buttrye barr. Item, at supper a messe of porage, a pese of mutton and a reward at our said kechyn, a cast of chete brede at our panatrye, and a galone of ale at our buttrye. Item, at after supper a chete loff and a maunchet at our panatrye barr a galone of ale at our buttrye barr, and half a galone of wine at our feller barr. Item, every morning at our woodeyard four tall shyds and two fagots. Item at our chaundrye barr in winter every night, oon preket and four syles of waxe, with eight candells white lights, and oon torche. Item, at our picher-house wokely six white cuppes. Item, at euery tyme of our removeing oon hoole carte for the carriage of her stuff. And these our lettres shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalf at all tymes hereafter. Geuen under our signet at our manour of Esthamsteda, the xvith day of July, the xiiijth yere of our reigne.

To the lord steward of our houghold, the treasurer, comptroller, cofferer, clerks of grene clothe, clerks of our kechyn, and to all our hed officers of our said houghold, and to eury of theym.

Remarkable Dying Speech of Mr. Cusse, Secretary of the Earl of Essex, who was executed in the Reign of Q. Elizabeth, for the same Offence which brought his Master to the Block.

I AM here adjudged to die for acting an act never plotted, for plotting a plot never acted. Justice will have her course; accusers must be heard; greatness will have the victory: scholars and martialists (tho' learning and valour should have the pre-eminence) in England must die like dogs, and be hanged. To mislike this, were but folly: to dispute it, but time lost; to alter it, impossible; but to endure it, is manly; and to scorn it, magnanimity. The queen is displeased, the lawyers injurious, and death terrible: but I crave pardon of the queen; forgive the lawyers, and the world; desire to be forgiven; and welcome death.

The

The H A P P Y S H E P H E R D.

With PHILLIS I'll trip o'er the mead, And haften away to the plain, With
 PHILLIS I'll trip o'er the mead, And haften a---way to the plain, Where
 shepherds attend with their reeds, to welcome my love and her swain, Where
 shep herds at---tend with their reeds, to wel---come my love and her
 twain. The lark is ex-alt-ed in air, The lin-net sings perch'd
 on the spray, Our lambs stand in need of our care, then let us
 not length---en de-----lay.

II.

The pleasures I feel with my dear,
While gamefome young lambs are at sport,
Exceed the delights of a peer,
That shines with fuch grandeur at court :
When Collin and Strephon go by,
They form a difguife for a while ;
They fee how I'm blefs'd with a figh,
But envy forbids them to fmile.

III.

Let courtiers of liberty prate,
T'enjoy it take infinite pains ;
But liberty's primitive ftate
Is only enjoy'd on the plains :
With PHILLIS I rove to and fro
With her my gay minutes are fpent ;
'Twas PHILLIS firft taught me to know,
That happinefs flows from Content.

Mifs WILLMOT'S MAGGOT.

A New Country Dance.



Hand a crofs ÷ and back again ÷ crofs over back to back ÷ foot it right
hand and left ÷.



POETICAL ESSAYS.

Verfes, wrote on a message card, fent
with a ticket for the Magdalen
chapel, to mifs GOLDING.

--- But e'er I go, --- my dear, I fix
The time to meet, --- exact at fix,
At your feet this card fhall lay,
Farewell, --- at fix, --- I muft away.



A ME charity in hafte prefents,
To dear mifs G, --- her compli-
ments,
And begs next Sunday, fhe may
meet,

Her ladyfhip in Prefent ftreet.
The dame muft whifper in her ear,
Her favourite fon officiates there,
--- Dodd, who from many a noble eye,
Has ftolen a tear of fymphony,
For who that know him, would not throng,
To catch the mufic of his tongue.

--- Blefs me, --- a mark of his regard,
My fon himfelf has frank'd the card,
And in return, muft claim from you,
Your prefence, --- and a tear, his due,
Let drowfy puiſny Barons fleep,
Lucia and you fhall boaft ye weep,

To Mifs T. —

THE infant bard, his lovesick boſom fir'd,
Attempts to fmg, by you alone inspir'd ;
Yet you command him filently to mourn,
In flames unpity'd, and unpity'd burn.
Conſider, cruel fair, the pangs you give,
You bid him to forget, yet bid him live ;
You fay that abſence will in time deface
The lov'd remembrance of your mind, and face,
Sooner the needle wou'd the north forfake,
Or bluſhing roſe, burſt from the wither'd
brake :

When all things deviate from the firſt great
plan,

I may forget ; being then no longer man.

W.

An

AN ACROSTIC on—

MUSE! gently, lend thy aid,
In word's, to praise, this lovely maid;
Still, may she ever, constant prove,
Still, kind, and faithful, ever love.

Still, like the turtle, ne'er inclin'd,
On various things, to change her mind:
Prudent, and virtuous, may she ever be;
Happy, in love; in friendship, constancy.
In health, her happiness, be most compleat;
And of all vices, learn her, no deceit.

Generous, her mind, and free, from miser's
care;

On fortune's frowns, ne'er look, nor on
despair:

Longing, in full, thy virtues to de-
scribe,

Does my weak pen, and brain, this task
imbibe:

May, the kind heaven's, thy health, and
wealth increase;

And pour down blessings, with a lasting
peace;

Nor Demons, suffered to disturb thy ease.

ODE ON HEALTH.

O HEALTH, most honour'd of celestial
powers,

May I with thee enjoy my future hours;

Nor thou refuse thy solace to afford,

Tune to my bed, and constant at my board.

For all the joys from wealth, or heirs that
flow,

Whate'er imperial diadems bestow;

Whate'er fair objects of desire we prove,

Chas'd and entangled in the toils of love;

Whate'er delights the gods, on mercy's plan,

Dispense to soften the fatigues of man;

These, these all spread and flourish in thine
eye,

Sweet health, thou parent of felicity!

The blooming spring of pleasure crowns the
plain,

And man, without thee, seeks for bliss in
vain.

FLINT AND STEEL,

AN EPIGRAM.

"REGARDLESS of the pangs I feel,
My Celia's bosom's arm'd with steel;
Her heart! ---her heart's a very flint,
Without one spark of pity in't."
Thus Colin gave his passion vent:
Cry'd Damon, "whence this discontent,

"Since all things to your wish conspire?"

"For flint and steel will soon strike fire."

The seat of War: On a Fan.

WITH small, or no propriety, my fair,
A map of warring Germany you bear;
Let me a picture much more fit impart,
Wear rather on your fan --- a lover's heart:
To speak the meaning let it bleed and flame,
And underneath it write the wretch's name;
The title then will suit you better far,
A lover's heart indeed's a seat of war,
War, which you quickly can command to
cease,
Just tell him that you love --- and all is peace.

THE PEACH.

AN EPIGRAM.

THIS lovely peach I've kept with care,
For her who's fairest of the fair,
What beauteous tints its surface streak!
Faint emblem of my Clara's cheek.
What gales of exquisite perfume,
From its ambrosial bosom come!
Yet well I ween its luscious taste,
By Clara's lip is far surpass'd.
Beauty and sweetness here are join'd,
Like Clara's person and her mind.

WRITTEN ON A FAN.

O, go, thou envied happy toy!
Who would not wish for thy employ?
To veil that bosom, or that face,
Which charm us with resistless grace.
Shaded, more beauteous blooms the rose,
And sweeter far the lily blows,
From all but me those charms conceal,
And only to my eyes reveal.

On sitting between two agreeable
LADIES.

TRAV'ERS relate that Mah'met's
tomb is fixt,
Two massy stones of magic power betwixt,
Th' attractive virtue draws it different ways,
Yet still the coffin in the centre stays;
So, ladies, you behold my passive heart,
That can to neither fly, from neither part.

OBSERVATION.

THIS simile's not good, I'm sure I feel
My heart of iron is not form'd, nor steel:
I hope too, ladies, that you both will own,
That neither of your hearts is made of stone.

Written.

Written on a leaf of the Celebrated
Letters between HENRY AND
FRANCES.

SINCE 'tis predestin'd by the powers above,
That in our lives we once at least must love,
Whene'er the tyrant love invades my breast,
And robs it of its present peaceful rest,
May the fair maid possess the sense refin'd,
And brightly wit, that grace soft Fanny's mind,
May I, like Henry, her bright mind improve
With the sweet thoughts of friendship and of
love;
Like him at last, oh Hymen! make me
blest,
And give my Fanny to my panting breast:
Bright as at first shall shine, my constant
flame,
When lost the lover's in the husband's name.

ON A KISS.

PHILOSOPHERS pretend to tell,
How like a hermit in his cell,
The soul within the brain does dwell:
But I, who am not half so wise,
Think I have seen't in Chloe's eyes,
Down to her lips from thence it stole,
And there I kiss'd her very soul.

Sent to a Lady with a Myrtle
Nosegay.

IN southern climes we read of myrtle groves,
Where the fond lovers sigh their tender loves;
But our bleak winds, and cold ungenial sky,
Prevent their rising to maturity:
Yet here the fair protect love's evergreen,
And in their bosoms oft is myrtle seen,
Proud of its place it boasts a brighter hue,
And there unfolds its beauteous buds to view.
Full oft the maid, who wears it, it inspires
With melting wishes, and with amorous fires:
When these effects the virgin breast shall feel,
Think of thy Strephon, and reward his zeal;
Faithful to thee his plighted vows shall prove,
And he will be an evergreen in love.

ON COMPASSION.

THE virtuous, gentle, good and wise,
Their fellow creatures ne'er despise;
Their follies their compassion move;
They pity where they can't approve;
To censure others faults not prone,
But careful to correct their own;
Partake in others joys, and share their grief,
Are ever ready to afford relief;

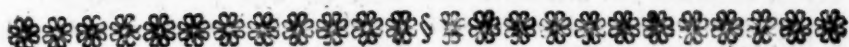
The greatest pleasure they e'er can know,
To alleviate another's woe,
By sympathizing, make their sorrows less,
Their sufferings pity, and their wrongs redress.
Actions like these, humane and kind,
Adorn a noble, generous mind,
From prejudice and passion free,
View things as they really be:
Virtue they ever will commend
Impartially, in foe or friend;
Vice they ever disapprove,
That alone their censures move;
To caution others, still they try,
Those destructive paths to fly,
Which do to certain ruin run,
If they shun not they are undone,
Of flattery ever to beware,
Whose pleasing poison will oft ensnare
The hearts of those who are young and gay,
She points an easy flowery way
And, by her false alluring smiles,
Them of true happiness beguiles;
Nor to let Pleasures teach'rous arts,
E'er gain dominion o'er their hearts,
Which reason never can displace,
But must in chains the triumph grace,
Of her most inveterate foe,
From whom all kind of mischiefs flow;
Never to let Envy, Vanity, or Pride,
Their actions govern, or their conduct guide,
But keep the passions under proper rein,
And in due bounds their influence restrain:
These are the maxims of the good and wise,
The friends of truth and strangers to disguise;
They are zealous advocates in virtue's cause,
And merit still will gain a just applause.

A Paradox. Address'd to Mr. ISAAC
FARRATT.

I know a certain mount or hill,
A vessel you with liquor fill,
At the hill's top, I'd have you know,
It holds less than if fill'd below;
How this can be, I pray you show,
And you'll oblige your friend at Stow. W. S.

On hearing a Young Lady playing on
the SPINNET.

DEAR Betsy when thy fingers move,
Oh! then ye Gods!--how deep is love:
But much more when the jacks do strike
The strings---how sweetly they unite.
All's harmony,---no discord's found;
In such delights let me be crown'd;
In all these charms I hope to be,
Should I join hands with dear B---fy. W. S.



Foreign and Domestic Occurrences.

Monday, October 1.

SATURDAY Afternoon a loaded Corn-lighter sunk in going through one of the Arches of London-bridge, by which four Men who were therein were unfortunately drowned.

Tuesday 2. Yesterday Thomas Harris, Esq; and Brads Crosby, Esq; the two new Sheriffs, with the Lord-Mayor, the Court of Aldermen, and the Court of Assistants of the Apothecaries and Musicians Companies, went from the Three-Cranes, in the City Barge, to Westminster-Hall, where they were presented to the Curfitor Barons of the Exchequer; after which they returned to Ironmongers-Hall, where an elegant Entertainment was given by Brads Crosby, Esq;

Admiralty-Office, Oct. 2. By Letters lately received from Commodore Palisser, dated at St. John's in Newfoundland the 1st of last Month, it appears, that having dispatched a Sloop with a Letter to the French Governor at St. Pierre, to enquire into the Truth of the Reports which prevailed of the French having mounted Cannon, and erected Works on that Island contrary to Treaty, he, in Answer, received Assurances from the said Governor, that there was only one four Pounder Gun mounted without a Platform, and with no other Intention than to answer Signals to their Fishermen in Foggy Weather; that there were no

Buildings erected contrary to Treaty; and that the Guard consisted of no more than forty-seven Men, and had never exceeded fifty. It farther appears by the Commodore's said Letters, that there had not been, or were at that Time, at the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, more than one French Ship of War of 50 Guns, one Frigate of 26 Guns, and another of less Force, with two large Ships en Flute, the Destination of one of the said Ships en Flute being for Cayenne, and the other for St. Domingo: That none of those Ships had, and, the commanding Officer assured the Commodore, none of them would, enter into any of the Harbours on the coasts of Newfoundland. And the Commodore adds, that the concurrent Fishery in those Parts of the said Coasts, whereon the French are by Treaties permitted to fish, had been carried on in perfect Tranquillity. *Gaz.*

Thursday 4. Yesterday was held an extraordinary general Court of the Governors of the London Hospital, Mile End Road, for the Election of a Physician to succeed Dr. John Andree, who has resigned, when Dr. Dawson was declared duly elected.

Saturday 6. This morning the Palatines broke up their camp behind White chapel church. They were carried in lighters to the ships lying at Blackwall, singing hymns all the way, and a great number of boats filled

filled with spectators attended them, who seemed greatly affected with their devout behaviour and demonstrations of gratitude to the nation which had so hospitably treated them.

Monday 8. Yesterday the body of a young woman was found drowned in the river at Chelsea-bridge: she appeared to have had a violent blow on her forehead.

Wednesday 17. Yesterday the Count de Guerchy Ambassador from France, and his retinue, landed at Dover from Calais.

Friday 19. We are well assured, that a certain malt-distiller had bidden money, (which was refused) for 400 hogs, the day before the proclamation for permitting the free importation of salted beef, pork, &c. from Ireland, was issued; which immediately occasioned such a fall in the market, that next day he bought the same for ten shillings a head less than he had offered.—Yesterday came on the election for rector of the parish of St. Anns, Black-Friars, in the room of the late Rev. Mr. Henley. The candidates were, Rev. Mr. Smith, 78 Mr. Warner 78 Mr. Romaine 73 Whereupon a scrutiny was demanded, —Yesterday 19 prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, one of whom was capitally convicted, viz. John Jones for feloniously publishing as true, a forged order, purporting to be the order of Lydia Bell, for the delivery of silver plate left with Thomas Townraw, at Goldsmiths-hall, in order to be assayed and stampd, and thereby obtaining the same. Alexander Bourk, late apprentice to Mrs. Bell, was acquitted, but ordered to remain to be prosecuted for a misdemeanour.—Nine were cast for transportation, and eight acquitted.

Saturday 20. Yesterday morning a duel was fought in the Chelsea fields, between two public writers of some eminence, when the challenger

being shot thro' the arm, acknowledged himself in the wrong, and went off with his antagonist to a surgeon, who found the wound, upon inspection, to be no ways dangerous. —Yesterday a young city blood, driving a phaeton furiously thro' the new road, was by an accidental jolt pitched out of his carriage near the mile stone, and fractured his skull.

Saturday 20. Yesterday the sessions ended at the Old-bailey, when only one prisoner was found guilty, viz.—James Scofield, for bigamy, in feloniously marrying miss Sarah Perry, in June last, at the parish church of St. Gregory, he then having a former wife living, for which offence he was ordered to be imprisoned in Newgate for the space of a year, and be branded in the hand, which was executed in court.—At this sessions four convicts received judgment of death; 22 received sentence of transportation for seven years; three for fourteen years, and twelve were discharged by proclamation.—Monday last, a young gentleman in the Strand attempted to put an end to his life, by the assistance of his garter, which he had fastened to a hook fixed up for lines to dry clothes on in the garrett; but, providentially, one of the servants happening to come up, discovered his intent, and asking the reason of it, was told, that he had received information, the preceding day, of the marriage of a young lady whom he loved, and therefore had determined to put an end to his own life. On enquiry, the report appeared to have been propagated by some of his acquaintance, merely, as the phrase is, for the sake of humming him: but, it is to be hoped, the consequences that had like to have attended it, will put a stop to these ill-judged pieces of wit for the future.

Extract

Extract of a letter from Cambridge, Oct. 19. 'Last week the following extraordinary affair happened: a servant maid, who lived at a public-house at Swalston in this country, having promised marriage to a joiner at Walden, he procured a licence, and repaired to Sawston on Friday morning last, in order to celebrate the nuptials; the girl accordingly made preparations for the ceremony, putting on her cloak, &c. but just as she was going to church, her master, unwilling to lose so good a servant, called her into his parlour, telling her, he had rather she would stay with him; and that, to prevent her being disappointed of an husband, he would marry her himself. The girl instantly complied, and laid by her cloak, &c. to the great mortification of the poor joiner, who had imagined himself upon the very verge of happiness. The girl and the master were married the next day.'

Part of a letter from Mr. Graham, chief secretary of Calcutta, to his father at Edinburgh, dated March 20, 1764.

"It is imagined the war with the late Nabob is now brought to a conclusion, by his flight from the provinces; and we are now taking the properest methods to secure a firm and lasting tranquillity, which we hope will be attended with the desired effects, and that ours and the country government may long live in amity."—On Friday night Capt. Ferguson, belonging to the royal navy, by his horses taking fright, was flung out of his chaise near Woodford bridge, by which accident he was much bruised. A young child that he had with him, at the same time, luckily received no hurt.

Wednesday 24. A grand and

spacious canal is now digging in the fine park belonging to the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount Spencer, at Wimbledon, which, when finished, will take up upwards of fifty acres of land.—Yesterday morning the celebrated Mr. Churchill, accompanied by Humphry Coats, Esq; set out for Dover, in order to pay a visit to their friend Mr. Wilkes, who comes from Paris to meet them at that place.—We are informed that the roads near Hounslow, Salt hill, and parts adjacent, are so infested by a gang of villains, that scarce a night passes but some robbery is committed: the method these fellows use is to conceal themselves in the hedges by the road-side, from whence they jump out, and seizing the horses by the bridles, rob the riders.

Thursday 25. They write from Paris, that the Sieur Solnikoff, a gentleman of Russia, coming from Spain, had occasion to raise thirty thousand livres on a parcel of jewels, and applied to one Morange a Jew, who agreed to advance the sum required, and at the same time paid down three thousand livres; but the gentleman incautiously trusting him with the jewels, on his promise of bringing him the remaining twenty-seven thousand livres the next day, Morange went directly to a Jeweller, sold them, and went off with the money.—It is assured from Vienna, that two marriages will actually take place in April next; one between the king of the Romans and a princess, sister to the elector of Bavaria; and the other between prince Albert of Saxony, and the archduchess Maria Christina; the last mentioned will be soon after appointed governor general of the Austrian Netherlands.—They write from Montgomery, that a young lady in that neigh-

bourhood,

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bourhood, heiress to a considerable estate, but a minor, had made an elopement with a young man; clerk to an attorney in that town, and that it was supposed they were gone to Scotland to be married.—A few nights since a rev. divine, well known in the political world for his poetical performances, met his printer at a tavern to settle accounts, which he closed by fowing up both the printer's eyes (according to the Broughtonian system) and severely rubbing him down with an Oaken towel.

26. Tuesday morning early a man went to an undertaker's in the Fleet-market, and desired the master might be called, as he had business of importance to communicate; the undertaker was made to believe a gentleman of fortune was dead, and he must come to take orders; they accordingly set out together, but the rogue soon dropped the undertaker, returned back to his house, and prevailed on the servant to send her master's coat and boots, as the corpse lay out of town; and the sharper got quite clear off.—The coroner's inquest, that sat on the body of a man who was shot on Monday se'nnight, brought in their verdict "Legal Homicide, in Self defence," and not Manslaughter, as has been maliciously and very unjustly represented. The evidence was so extremely clear, that the jury were but a few minutes in giving their verdict. It appeared that the fellow who was shot, went from the foot path into the high road (between six and seven o'clock) just as the gentleman's carriage was passing, and accosted the coachman with, "Stop, you rascal;" but the horses being on a full trot, and very spirited, obliged the fellow to step aside, who, as he was a breast of the coachman, presented a pistol, and called a second time, "Stop, you rascal;" in consequence thereof he did stop; a few yards distant; upon which

the gentleman in the chariot called to know the reason, and being informed, he immediately opened the door of the carriage, and, perceiving a man to approach, asked what he wanted? No reply being made, he desired the fellow to observe he was prepared, and told him, if he advanced one step he would certainly fire on him: the man, unregardful of this, still advanced, and the officer fired; and at the same time was stepping out of the chariot, but was prevented by his wife taking hold of him, and calling to the coachman, for God's sake, to drive on. It appeared also that he had no companion on the road, and, instead of discovering what had happened to him, when he returned to the White Hart, endeavoured to conceal it, and would not declare whether his intentions were to rob the gentleman or otherwise, giving for answer, That was best known to himself; but he acknowledged bidding the coachman stop. What is remarkable, the man was seen by some gentlemen to pass Woodford-bridge, about five o'clock in the evening, dressed in a whitish great coat, and was in the same habit when he stopped the carriage; but he had found means to divest himself of it before he reached the White Hart, and appeared in a jacket, or short coat: no doubt, he disposed of his pistols the same way he did his great coat, in order to prevent discovery.

27. The inquest of the parish of St. Bride's having received information of several butchers in the Fleet-market selling short weight, in order to detect this iniquitous practice, they went out last Wednesday without their gowns, by which unexpected visit, they found several false balances, short weights, and other arts used by those "bonest" butchers to defraud the poor: after destroying the false weights, and on the butchers promising to have their

their scales made good, and never to offend in like manner again, the inquest forgave them this time: They likewise visited the several chandler shops, and destroyed abundance of their weights, to the no small mortification of those fair dealers:—Yesterday morning an Irish bricklayer ran round St. James's park, for a wager of half a guinea, before a brother workman, with whom he held the bet, eat a couple of rolls and a quarter of a pound of cheese.—Yesterday a fellow who had picked a gentleman's pocket in the Strand, being closely pursued, ran down Surry-street and jumped into the Thames, where nobody choosing to follow him, he found means to get very cleverly off.—Last night a hackney coachman, sleeping in his vehicle at a door in Fleet street, was robbed of his watch, fourteen shillings, and his hat and wig.

26. However indiscreetly a Lady of rank may be thought to have bestowed her person in marriage, it is said, that she has been very prudent in the disposition of her property. For she has given her spouse only 100*l*. a year during his life, if he survives her; the rest of her fortune she has settled in trustees hands for her own life, and afterwards to her issue; and if she has no issue, the whole to go back to her own family.—A letter from Ireland says, “Mrs. Hamilton, the celebrated actress, is just married to a lieutenant on half pay, a sprightly young fellow, whom she met with in a stage-coach, on a journey from Dublin to Waterford.”

29. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland was so well recovered, as to have appeared in his coach upon the course at Newmarket every day last week. His Highness lodged at the King's palace in that town, where the generals Hodgson, Keppel, Fitz-Williams, and Adm. Saunders, and his surgeons Serjeant Ranby, and

Mr. Andrews, accompanied him; and it is said, his Highness arrived in town yesterday.—We are credibly informed, that information has been made against two butchers in St. James's Market, for the illegal practice of forestalling, and that prosecutions are commenced against them.—We are informed, that proper officers will be appointed to inspect all the Irish provisions imported here, and to examine into their goodness, that no stale nor damaged commodities may be exposed to sale.—The Merchants of Shields and Sunderland are sending over large commissions for Irish salt provisions; as even in those cheap counties, the expences of victualling their ships and coasters, through the practice of forestallers, has advanced of late above 10 per cent.—A few days ago a remarkable large lobster was sold, at the society's office in Westminster, which measured a full yard in length, and weighed eleven pounds.—On Friday the great match was run on Newmarket course between his royal highness the Duke of Cumberland's horse King Herod, and the Duke of Grafton's Antonius, for 1000*l*. and won by King Herod by half a neck. It is thought the bets on this occasion amounted to near 100,000*l*. One gentleman in particular had a bet of 5000*l*. The odds ran in favour of Antonius.—Thursday last a six oared cutter, manned with landmen, without a rudder, and a skiff rowed by two watermen, set off from the Old Swan London-bridge, for the Swan at Chelsea, against the tide; the bet was 20*l*. to 5. on the cutter, which she easily won.—A Farmer's wife, at Black Notley, near Braintree, in Essex, who has not been married five years till the latter end of next month, has been brought to bed five times during that period, and had two children at a birth each time; she lay in of the last two in July last, and is now with

with child again. Only three of the ten are living. The ages of the husband and wife together do not amount to forty three years.

30. We are informed that the Dutch Colonel, who brought over the poor Palatines to England, engaged several other families, who were possessed of some property, to transport themselves to Nova-Scotia, where he was to provide for them greatly; but by this time, 'tis supposed, they may be in as bad plight as the poor emigrants were here, before the public humanely relieved them.—We are informed that his Royal Highness the Duke of York intends to pay a visit to the Marquis of Granby, who set out yesterday for Belvoir Castle.—On Tuesday last, as Robert Solloway and William Powel, both under sentence of death in Newgate, Bristol, (but respited) were sitting in the tap kitchen, drinking a pot of beer quietly, and seemingly in great friendship, Solloway, all on a sudden, drew his knife, and stabbed Powell in the left shoulder. A great quantity of blood issued from the wound, so that it is not likely to prove mortal.—On Saturday night one Downs, a weaver, cut his throat at his father's house in Hunt street, Coverley-fields: He was carried to the London Hospital, but there are little hopes of his recovery.—Last night, about ten o'clock a gentleman was attacked by four fellows opposite the sign of the College, Chelsea, who used him very cruelly, but with what intent cannot be imagined, as they asked neither watch, money, nor any thing else; but on some people coming up they made off, leaving the gentleman upon the ground, as they thought for dead.—On Saturday night last some villains broke into the Sun and Punch-bowl, an alehouse in Long Lane, Smithfield, and stole from thence cash and goods to the amount of thirty pounds.

Married.] Oct. 9. At Ealing, in Middlesex, Mr. Powell, an eminent barge-master, of Brentford, to Miss Dee, of Chertsey.—13. James Herring, esq. to Miss Patty Dorrington, daughter of William Dorrington, esq. of Newington. At Clerkenwell church ——— Dawson, esq. of Coldbath-fields, to Mrs. Preston, of Hatton-garden. At Tiltmanston, in Kent, Sir Thomas Pym Hales, bart. of Beakish-bourn, in that county, member of parliament for Downton, in Wilts, and deputy-warden of the Cinque-ports, to Mrs. Coussmaker, of Dane-court, relict of George Coussmaker, of Ash, esq. and daughter to ——— Hayward, esq. of Sandwich.—12. At Bath, John Chicester, esq. of Arlington, in the county of Devon, to Miss Mary Mackdonell, second daughter of the late Donald Mackdonell, esq. of Thendrish, in Lochaber, Scotland.—13. At Islington, Mr. William Kekewich, of the Royal-Exchange Assurance, to Miss Sukey Johnson, of Plymouth. Mr. Raines, chaser, of Dean-street, Soho, to Miss Roberts, of Portland-street.—14. Mr. Jarvis, grocer, in New Bond street, to Miss Watts, of the same place. Mr. Aldrige, wine-cooper, in Thames street, to Miss Fossey, of Cannon-street.—15. Mr. Collett, jun. haberdasher, of Tower-street, to Miss Amos, of Leman-street, Goodman's-fields. Mr. Farquason, merchant, of Lime street, to Mr. Steel, of Wardour street, Soho.—16. Mr. Lawret, china painter, of Arundel-street, in the Strand, to Miss Burtow, of Kensington.—17. George Hill, esq. of Abingdon, Berks, to Mrs. Bailey, of York-buildings.—18. Mr. Winstanley, merchant, of Broad-street Buildings, to Miss Wild, of Richmond. Mr. Townsend, chinaman, in the Strand, to Miss Watton, of the Broad way, Westminster.—20. Mr. Stroud, haberdasher, of New Bond-street, to Miss Grimstead of Acton.

ton. Mr. Spaw, cheesemonger, of Thames-street, to Mrs. Edmonds, of Tower street.—21. Mr. Preston, timber-merchant, in Wardour-street, Soho, to Mrs. Galliard, of Portland-street, near Oxford-market. Mr. Wilson, jeweller, of Arundel-street, in the Strand, to Mrs. Weaver, a widow lady, of New-street, Fetter-lane.—23. Mr. Drake, enamel-painter, of Broad street, near Carnaby-market, to Miss Gilchrist, of the same place. At St. Bartholomew's, behind the Royal-Exchange, Mr. Peter Hodgson, merchant, in Mark-lane, to Miss Ranger, of Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire.—24. Mr. Colston, silk-throwster, of Bishopsgate street, to Mrs. Dickman, of Bow. Mr. Stevens, belonging to the Post office, to Miss West, of Winklow, Bucks.—25. Mr. Reynolds, at torney, of Aldermanbury, to Miss Mansfield, of Hampstead. Mr. Delafons, silversmith, of Dean street, Soho, to Miss Parker, of King street, Cheap-side. The right honourable lady Knollis, youngest daughter of the right honourable and reverend the earl of Banbury, to the reverend Mr. Dathwood, late of Magdalen-college. Mr. Combercrose, an eminent and skilful apothecary, in Great-Portland-street, to Miss Rossington, of Margaret street, Cavendish-Square: a young lady, whose brilliant beauty and genteel fortune are among the least considerable of her qualifications to render their felicity well worthy emulation.

Died.] Oct. 1. A few days ago, Mr. Thomas Crook, Leatherfeller, in Aldergate street. Mrs. Griffin, of Tower-Royal, a maiden lady of considerable fortune.—Oct. 5. At Trelawny, (the seat of Sir William Trelawny, in Plynt, near Loe) in Cornwall, Charles Trelawny, esq; of Goldridick, late member of parliament for Liskeard in the same county.—9. In an apoplectic fit, at his house in Bird-street, St. George's in the East,

Capt. William Hales, a commander in the Dantzick Trade.—10. At Greenwich, Joshua Gunn, esq; formerly a commander in the Streights Trade.—11. At his seat at Broadwell near Stowe in Gloucestershire, Anthony Compete, esq; Mr. Thomas Roles, Carver, in Monmouth court, Hedge-lane, Chairing cross. At his seat at Abbot hall, near Effingham in Surry, Robert Metcalf, esq; merchant in London, and in the commission of the peace for Surry. At Old Brentford, Mr. Richard Mead, formerly a broker. At South Lambeth, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Robertson, a dissenting clergyman.—12. Mr. Thomas Armstrong, master of the Griffin Inn, in Long-lane, Smithfield. In Old-street, Mr. John Austin, cabinet maker. Mr. William Lack, a tea-dealer in Leather-lane, Holborn. 13. At Hampstead, John Merredith, esq; possessed of a considerable estate in Montgomeryshire. At his house on the Bank, Highgate, Mr. Henry Morris, sen. At his house in Air-street, Piccadilly, Mr. Staines, carver and gilder. At his house in Fenchurch-street, Mr. Salisbury, hair-merchant.—14. At his lodgings at Highgate, Peter Barber, esq; of Essex. At his house in Northumberland street, in the Strand, Mr. Murray, an eminent Limner. At Bath, Mr. Daniel Taylor, late an eminent Oilman in Gracechurch-street.—15. At his lodgings at Bethnal-green, Mr. Bentley, Attorney, of Fenchurch-street. In Wych-street, advanced in years, Mrs. Mary Sleazer, a widow gentlewoman, possessed of a large fortune.—16. Mr. Roughton, an eminent Grocer, on Ludgate-hill. At Islington, Mr. Dorrington, Apothecary, in the Strand. At his house in Hatton-garden, John Alnut, esq;—Mr. Hollingworth, Bricklayer, in Old street.—17. Of a mortification, Mr. Sloper Forman, a very honest ingenious man, and who has several years past

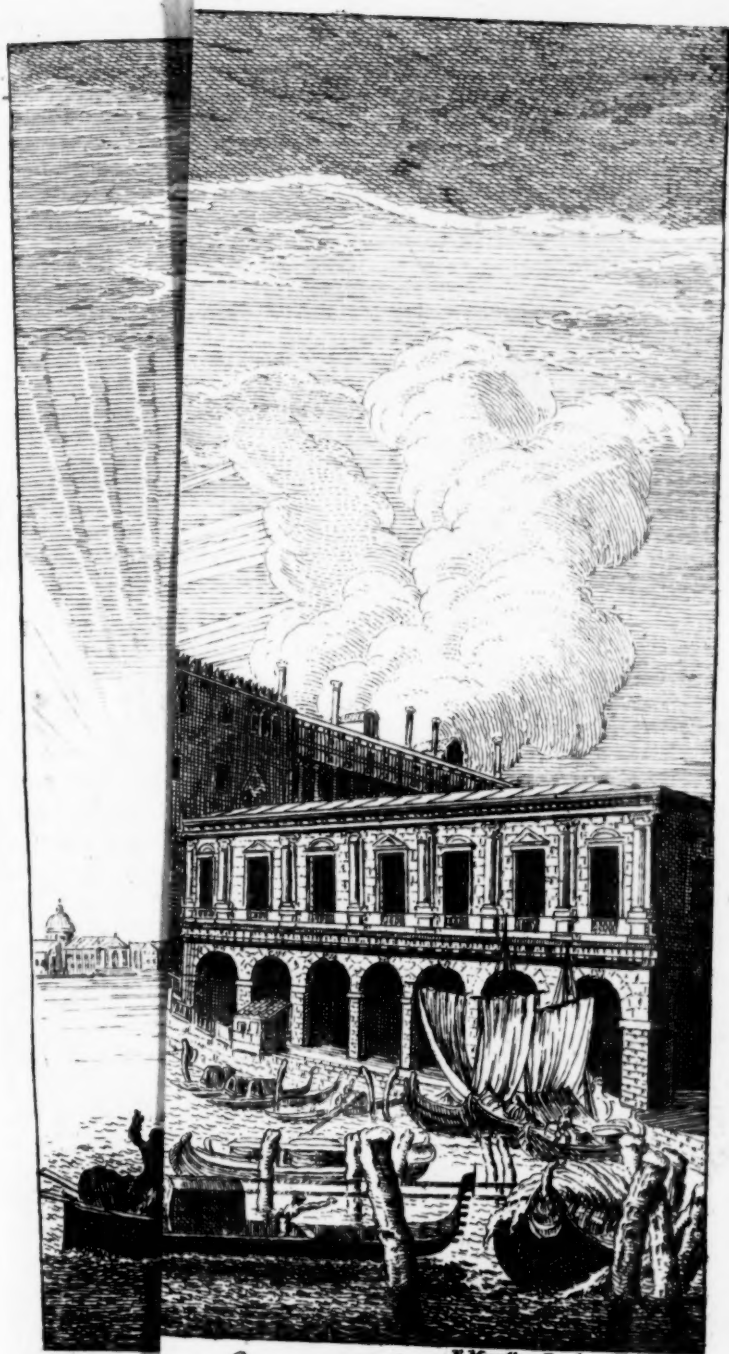
A M E R I C A.

past obliged the public with many useful and entertaining essays in the papers, under different assumed names, but particularly that of *Probus*. At Chelsea, Thomas Molesworth, esq; possessed of a considerable estate in Shropshire. At his house in St. John's square, Mr. Jenkins, Carver and Gilder.—18. Mr. Felix Calvert, of Red-Cross-street, in partnership with Mess. Calverts and Seward, Brewers, in White-Cross-street. At his house in St. Thomas the Apostle, Mr. Mason, Brandy-merchant.—22. At his house in Holborne, Mr. Nathaniel Lloyd, Attorney in the Lord Mayor's Court. Suddenly, just after supper, at his house in Piccadilly, Mr. Todd, Carpenter. At his house in Cavendish-square, Theodore Westbourn, esq. At his house in St. Mary Ax, Mr. Nathan, a Jew merchant. Mr. Shirley, many years master of Guildhall coffee-house, in King-street, Cheapside. William Sawbridge, esq; of Old Bond-street. Mrs. South, wife of Mr. South, of Blackman-street, Southwark. At his house at Hoxton, Mr. Vincent, late an eminent Wine-cooper, of Thames-street.—23. At St. Alban's Thomas Frogmore, esq; possessed of a considerable estate in Northamptonshire. John Jarvis, esq; of James-street, Bedford-Row.—24. At his house on Tower hill, Mr. Mayo, a gentleman belonging to the Custom-house. At his lodgings in Jermyn-street, Thomas Haich, esq; of Newbury, Berks. At his house in Thread-needle-street, Mr. Vere, a Merchant.—25. Mr. Stratton, Brazier and Pewterer, of Whitechapel.—26. The celebrated Mr. Hogarth, of Leicester-Fields.

Cambridge, Oct. 26. M. Elie de Beaumont, so well known for his generous defence of the family of the Calas, arrived here a few days ago.

New York, Sept. 12. On the 5th of this month the hon. Cadwallader Colden, esq. his majesty's lieutenant governor and commander in chief of this province, addressed the council and general assembly in an elegant speech; wherein he congratulated them on the peace lately concluded with the Indians at Niagara, through the ability and experience of sir William Johnson; declared to them his majesty's approbation of their conduct in providing for the troops now in their pay; recommended the support of his majesty's government, and the discharge of the public debts, and concluded as follows: "The law granting a bounty on hemp is expired without its intended effect. There are large tracks of land in the province, well adapted to the production of this valuable article; which, by proper means, may become a staple highly beneficial to us; and is an object so interesting to our mother country, as to have received encouragement from the British parliament. The farmers, in general, are ignorant both of its culture and preparation for manufacture. Rewards, therefore, are requisite to excite their attention, and animate them to the pursuit of this important branch of husbandry. On the revival of the act, I hope all ranks in the mercantile, as well as the landed interest, will unite in promoting a design calculated for their common advantage, and so eminently conducive to the prosperity of the colony." In answer, the council assured his honour, "That, in imitation of the wise example of Great-Britain, they would cheerfully unite in promoting agriculture and commerce, without which the colony must soon be reduced to poverty and the utmost distress."





A Landing-Place before it.
Grand Canal in Front.

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*A View of the DOGE'S PALACE at VENICE, with the Grand Landing-Place before it.
The Prison on the right hand, the Custom-House and Entrance of the Grand Canal in Front.*